The *London* Beaux's GARLAND.

Containing some delightful

NEW SONGS.

I. The London BEAUX.
II. The Lass with the delicate Air.
III. The Scotch Wedding.
IV. The Way to keep him.
V. Love was the Cause of my Mourning.

Licensed and Entered according to Order.

The *London* BEAUX's GARLAND.

The London BEAUX.

YOU Beaux of London City, of an audacious Part,
Draw near unto my Ditty with Grief and aching Heart,
For one of your gay Brothers, that richly was array'd,
Was baulk'd by Mrs. Susan, my Lady's Waiting-maid.

He seem'd a Wanton Lover in all his Gaudiness,
Draw near and I'll discover the Manner of his Dress:
His Wig well lin'd with Powder, hung dangling to his Waist,
No Fop was ever prouder, and his Waistcoat finely lac'd.

With a Snuff-box in his Pocket, well fill'd, as I suppose,
As large as any Turnip for to perfume his Nose,
Besides all other Accoutrements he had from Top to Toe,
And like a sparkish Lover, he was resolv'd to go.

To speak with Mrs Susan, his Mind and fancy led,
And offer'd her a Guinea to gain her Maiden-head;
I value not your Money, sweet Susan, she reply'd,
Kind Sir you are mistaken, your Suit must be deny'd.

Go you to Covent-Garden, Fleet-street, or to the Strand,
Where you for half that Money may have one at Command
I hate such filthy Rubbage, sweet Susan, Love, you know
You may see by my Apparel, I am an eternal Beaux.

I value not my Money, Love I freely offer it you,
And before I'd o'er be slighted, I'd freely give you two
If I can Sir surrender to you my Virgin Rose,
Five Guineas you must tender, to buy my Wedding Clothes

I

For I am to be married within this Day or Two,
Pray lay me down the Money, and I'll be kind to you;
He did not ſtand to diſputing, but laid her down the Prize
She with a kind Saluting give to him this Advi

Come early in the Morning before the Break of day,
And I unto my Lodgings will you ſtraight way convey;
The Spark highly rejoicing, thinking he had made the League
She went unto her Miſtreſs, and told the whole Intrigue.

They laid their Heads together to banter the ſaid Spark,
To catch him in the Pinfold, as he crep'd in the Dark,
And luſtly Will the Coachman was to prepare the Plot,
And by his Lady's Orders it was a ſtinking Lot.

The Boards over the Privy, then open they muſt lay,
Againſt the Gallant's coming before the Break of Day,
Much like a Bed with Courtains, before the Room they drew,
When early in the Morning he came to emprace his Sue.

She met him in the Parlour, and brought him near the place
Saying, Yonder is the Chamber, Love, you muſt me embrace
Then luſtly Will the Coachman ſcar'd this eternal Beaux,
Said he my dear for Shelter, O whether ſhall I go.

O ſtep behind the Courtain, and tarry there a While,
The Truth I muſt declare, he fell into a ſtinking Hole;
Swearing like a German adz——s, how came I here;
Is this the place of pleaſure which I paid for ſo dear.

Then luſtly Will the Coachman and Tom the ſtable Groom
Run thither for to hear him how he did fret and fume;
They help'd him out for pity but all his Garments fine,
Was in as foul a Pickle, as ne'er you ſaw a Swine.

His Wig, inſtead of Powder was filthily beſmear'd,
Beſides his other Garments, and many Vows he made;
He never will truſt a Woman, ſince ſhe has ſerved him ſo
This is the ſad Misfortune of our eternal Beaxu.

The

AIRS.

The Lass with the Delicate Air.

YOUNG *Molly* who lives at the Foot of the Hill
Whose Fame every Virgin with Envy does fill
Of Beauty is blest with so ample a Share,
That Men call her the Lass with thedelicate Air,
With the delicate Air,
That Men call her the Lass with the delicate Air.

One Morning last *May*, as I travers'd the Grove,
In Retirement, nor ever dreaming of Love,
There I chanced to espy the Nymph I declare,
And really she'd got a most delicate Air,
Most delicate Air, &c.

By a murmuring Brook, neat a green mossy Bed,
A Chaplet composing, the Fair-one was laid,
Surpriz'd and transported, I could not forbear,
With Rapture to gaze on her delicate Air,
On her delicate Air.

That Moment young *Cupid* had fasten'd a Dart,
And pierc'd without pity, my innocent Heart,
And from thence how to gain the Maid was my Care,
For really she'd got a most delicate Air.
Most delicate Air, &c.

When she saw me she blush'd and complain'd I was rude,
And begg'd of all Things that I would not intrude,
I told her I could not tell how I came there,
But laid all the Fault on her delicate Air.
On her delicate Air, &c.

I ſaid her Heart was the Prize which I fought to obtain
And begg'd ſhe would give it to eaſe my fond Pain,
She neither rejected, nor granted my Prayer,
But fir'd all my Soul with her delicate Air,
With her delicate Air, &c.

A thouſand Times ſince I've repeated my Suit,
But ſtill the I tormenter affects to be mute,
Come tell me ye Swains who have conquer'd the Fair,
How to win the dear Laſs with the delicate Air,
With the delicate Air,
How to win the dear Laſs with the delicate Air.

The Scotch Weding.

THERE was a Laſs they call'd her *Meg*,
And ſhe came o'er the Moor to ſpin,
There came to her a daft young Loon,
His Name was *David Dafferton.*
Sing hi ho, come lift your Leg,
Come dry my dirty wily Coat,
I'll give you leave to break my Neck,
If e'er you heard the like on't.

There was a Wedding down at *Leith*,
And many a Lad and Laſs was at it,
The Wife got fou' and ſhe did reel,
And affronted a' the Folk was at it.

Some

Some was blind and ſome was lame,
And ſome danc'd with twa Crutches at it,
Some wanted Drink ſome wanted Beds,
And ſome wanted to be merry at it,

Before the Wedding it was o'er,
Many a Gallant came to ſee,
The Fidler play'd them up a Spring,
And they all danc'd right heartily.

Some broke Stoups, and ſome broke Pipe s,
And ſome broke one anothers Gabies,
Some cut Legs and ſome cut Arms,
'T was a' with the whisky Bottles.

They danc'd and fought till *Sunday* Morn,
At length the Elders came to ſee,
They took them ben to the Toll-booth,
The Bride and a' the Company.

There came a Fidler out of *Fife*,
O but he was uncou' bony,
He play'd ſo well to our Good-wife,
The like was no ilk a Body.
Sing bi bu, &c.

The Way to keep him.

YE Fair who ſhine thro' Britain's Iſle,
And triumph o'er the Heart,
For once attentive be a while,
To what I now impart:
Would you obtain the Youth you love,
The Precept of a Friend improve,
And learn the Way to keep him.

But

But ſoon as Nature has decreed,
The Bloom of eighteen Years,
And Iſſabel from School is freed,
Then Beauty's Force appears;
The youthful Blood begins to flow,
She hopes for Man and longs to know,
The ſureſt Way to keep him.

But when the pleaſant Pain is felt,
Within the Lover's Breaſt,
And you by ſtrong Perſuaſions melt,
Each wiſhing to be bleſt:
Be not too bold, nor yet too coy,
With Prudence lure the happy Boy,
And that's the Way to keep him.

At Court, at Ball, at Park, at play,
Aſſume a modeſt Pride,
And leaſt your Tongue your Mind betray,
In feweſt Words confide;
The Maid who thinks to gain a Mate,
By giddy Chat will find too late,
That's not the Way to keep him.

But when the Nuptial Knot is faſt,
And each its Bleſſing ſhare,
To make thoſe Joys for ever laſt,
Of Jealouſy beware:
His love with kind Compliance meet,
Let Conſtancy the Work compleat
And that's the Way to keep him.

In dreſſing ne'er the Hours kill,
That Bane to all the Sex,
Nor let the Art of dear Spadil,
Your Innocence perplex:

Be always decent as a Bride;
By Virtue's Rules your Reason guide,
And that's the Way to keep him.

Love was the Cause of my Mourning.

BY a murmuring Stream a fair Shepherdess lay,
Be so kind, O ye Nymphs, I oftimes heard her say:
Tell Strephon I die, if he Passes this Way,
And that Love is the Cause of my Mourning.

False Sherherds that tell me of Beauty and Charms,
You deceive me, for Strephon's cold Heart never warms,
Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his Arms,
O Strephon the Cause of my Mourning.

But first, said she, let me go
Down to the Shades below,
E'er ye let Strephon know,
That I did love him so;
Then on my pale Cheeks no Blushes will show
That Love was the Cause of my Mourning.

Her Eyes were scarce closed when Strephon came by,
He thought she'd been sleeping and softly drew nigh;
But finding her Breathless, O Heavens! he cry'd
Ah! Chloris, the Cause of my Mourning.

Restore me my Chloris ye Nymphs of your Art,
They sighing reply'd 'was yourself shot the Dart,
That wounded the tender young Shepherdess's Heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris with Mourning.

Ah! then is Chloris dead,
Wounded by me he said,
I'll follow the chaste Maid,
Down to the silent Shade;
Then on her cold snowy Breast leaning his Head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon with Mourning.

FINIS